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# HALIFAX PEARL,

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For the Pearl.

LUCY CLARKSON.

A TALE OF SIMPLE LIFE.

## CHAPTER I.—THE PRAIRIE.

WILLIAM CLARKSON was an industrious settler on the borders of a frontier prairie, in the state of Illinois, North America. Here, with his family of two daughters, and three trusty servants, he lived remote from splendor and from care: the splendor and the care of art;—for nature spread her beauties unsparingly about the settlement,—and the cares of rural life were not wanting,—but they pressed lightly,—as the garment which warms without loading, and which is not esteemed a burthen until wholesome vigour has departed. And how much advantage, in this respect, had the lonely man over the dweller in cities;—his cares were lighter, and the pomp of his situation was greater than those which depressed or excited artificial life. The deep shaded woods lay in one direction, sheltering his cottage,—in another the ocean-like prairie, waving with summer flowers, spread the lovely tints of its aerial perspective,—and over it, in great magnificence, the firmament of heaven displayed its ever varying, but ever attractive face,—presenting, to the well-tuned mind, endless beauties of form, and motion, and colour,—of strong contrast, and of elegantly delicate gradation.

The woods extended right and left far as the eye could reach; blending all greens, from the first departure from blue, to the golden russet, in its beautiful belt. Along this belt—this splendid rampart, as it were, between the shaded and the unshaded wilds—a range of farms were placed. They were not so near Clarkson's dwelling as to destroy the sweet retirement of the scene, nor so far as to remove all feeling of companionship. From one, the cackling of the poultry could be distinctly heard, and the mottled cattle be easily seen, as they ranged about the enclosures,—another sent its lowing only, at the calm eventide, or the bark of its dog during the night watches,—and the curling smoke from its domestic hearth marked the dark background of trees, to the morning gaze,—while others only specked the deep green with their white walls: But each conveyed a scene of peace, and humble plenty, and cheerful labour, to the spectator's mental vision.

Deep lines seemed to circumscribe the whole range of farms; these were furrows, cut for the purpose of preventing the occasional burning of the prairies from extending to the fences and improvements.

The different processes of a prairie farm were in operation in different parts of Clarkson's little domain;—in one the rich herbage was formed, or in course of formation, into high stacks,—in another the corn lay scattered ready for the gatherer,—in another the large yellow sheafs specked the russet field with picturesque effect,—and in an outer patch, four yoke of oxen were slowly carrying the ploughshare through the virgin soil, preparatory to the action of the winter's frost, and the next spring's cultivation; a cheerful and a graceful train did this line of patient brutes form, as they bent their broad shoulders to the yoke, directed by the ploughman's voice, or soothed by his melodious whistle. Beyond those, but still inside the protecting furrows, the land, saved from the scorching flames, had already sent up a small growth of trees, which formed a miniature grove, intersected by numerous easily made paths.

This was the scene of the gentle labours and simple pleasures, of Maria and Lucy Clarkson. The latter, the elder, a graceful, lively, but rather volatile girl,—the former, less elastic in her form and mind, had more of the reflection and sedateness which life in every situation requires. They both had the marks of intelligence and virtue in their expansive foreheads, and beaming eyes, and lips, to which smiles or placid expression had become habitual. Light tresses and deep blue eyes, chiefly distinguished Lucy from her sister, whose almost raven locks and jet black eyes better suited the greater firmness of her character.

The sisters did not want other causes of feeling beside those which the dairy and flocks and garden presented; feeling tinged with tender melancholy and with hope,—with hues which the dim past and the dim future can impart. On a rising ground, reached by a long serpentine path, and commanding views of the forest vistas, and of the distant prairies, a group of willows marked the grave of a beloved mother. Years had intervened to deaden sorrow, and the death of Mary Clarkson was that of those who rejoice in hope; yet occasional visits to the flowery mound were not without the sweet tears which welled up from the busy mo-

memory. Within view of the cottage, the white walls and other marks of a comfortable settlement, also formed a point of attraction for one of the sisters,—and from a little natural terrace in the garden, the other could discern even the blossoms of the orchard which surrounded a dwelling that had claims on her sympathies. From the first mentioned spot, James Osburn, and from the second Harry Fairfield, frequently wended their way, on evenings, and on Sabbaths, to talk with William Clarkson, and mayhap to whisper, by the parlour ingle, or in woodland paths, with Lucy and Maria.

Thus life passed, surrounded with the simple and healthful sources of existence,—and the prairie settlements seemed to forget, that vice and wretchedness still held sway in the distant city.

The tender leaves of the forest had yielded to the cool winds of October, and strewed the turf in countless numbers,—while those which were more tenacious, put on a variety of hues, as if the wilderness giants were becoming emulous of the tulips and hollyhocks and roses of the garden. The pensive thoughts which the fall of the leaf might inspire, were relieved by the gaiety of those which remained, and the mind was rather pleased and surprised than shocked, at the cheerfulness with which nature decked the death of the year.

A young man slowly passed through these luxuriant vistas, and seemed entirely reckless of the reflections which the decay of the foliage was fitted to excite. He was dressed in light brown hunting clothes, and his horn and net, and long rifle, left no doubts of the nature of his mission into the wilderness. His step was firm, and his countenance had the lines and tints of manly comeliness. He hummed a cheerful ditty, and his eyes wandered carelessly from side to side, examining the features of the scene, or seeking for marks on which to exercise his sportsman's skill. The dog-grel song which he sung was indicative of his character or habits;—it ran thus:

The green wood glade, the green wood glade,  
Though passing fair to see,  
Is not my home, I love to roam,  
About the city free.

From pebbly brook, I gladly look,  
To the stream where rocks the mast,—  
And from cottage small, to princely hall,  
Emprise and project vast.

The disparaging rhyme which so ill-suited the scene, and was in such discordance with the poetry of nature, was suddenly checked, for the stranger perceived, as the path assumed a more straight line, a young woman some distance before him. Impelled by gay curiosity, and also by a wish to make enquiries respecting his way, he mended his pace. He had to walk quickly, and for some time, before his purpose was accomplished, for the young woman had evidently perceived him, and was stepping out, gaily and swiftly, as became a forest maiden, to keep ahead of the intruder. It was Lucy Clarkson; she had been on a ramble to one of the neighbouring settlements, and was returning home. The stranger approached, and called out:

"Well, young woman, you trip like a woodland fairy,—will you be kind enough to answer a question?" Lucy paused, and waited for the enquiry. The stranger continued:

"Can you direct me the way to William Clarkson's farm,—I see no end to this lovely wood, and am doubtful that my last director set me in the right road."

"You are not far from the cottage," said Lucy, timidly eyeing the stranger, "and the wood will be soon past. Through this opening (pointing along the path) the prairie is already visible, and as I live at William Clarkson's I will show you the door."

Thanks were returned, and the stranger congratulated his good fortune at throwing him so opportunely in the way of so fair and so efficient a guide, and the remainder of the road was occupied with the pleasing small talk which only young people know how to use, or how to enjoy. Taciturnity comes from reflection, or pride, or care,—but the young and gay can chatter pleasingly and freely, and sometimes perhaps senselessly, as the chattering jay.

They arrived at Clarkson's cottage ere the shades of evening had made much progress up the woodland horizon, and while the deep crimson still seemed to lie on the prairie's edge. The stranger, Charles Reynall, had an introduction to the farmer,—he was a resident of the town of B—, and was on a solitary excursion in search of pleasure and health. He received a kind reception; and his dog, Rolla, was soon domiciled with the trusty Wolf and Watch of the farm.

Lucy felt the awkwardness of her situation before they reached the door, and the mantling blush with which she met her sister's

gaze as she introduced the stranger, told how unsophisticated her feelings were, and how little she had practised the art of disguising them. Sadness of heart was wont to bring a shade on her countenance, cheerfulness a smile, and awkwardness of position a maidenly glow; she had not learnt, viciously, and had not been taught by a cruel or sneering world, the habitual hypocrisy, which, perhaps, in some circles is called good breeding.

Reynall's visit to the Farm made considerable alteration in the routine of the cottage. He was gay and intelligent, and of a reckless cast of mind, and endeavoured to amuse the daughters of his host, particularly her with the light rieglets and blue eyes, very assiduously. His sportsman capabilities were not often placed in requisition; the farm, and the garden, and walks with the sisters, formed his chief attractions. Lucy's conduct underwent a marked change. For the first few days that her new acquaintance made one of their circle, she was more light-hearted even than usual, as if the similarity of their dispositions gave an additional spring to her gay habits. But this gradually altered, and she became by degrees, more sedate and less communicative, until her conduct wore an air of sadness and thought very unusual to it. She had evidently received some new impressions, and these had rapidly developed some latent dispositions. She appeared almost suddenly, to have ripened from the playful girl, into the dignified woman; to have put on responsibility and care, when these clogs to life could not have been expected even to cast their shadows before. They come, inevitably, to all; foolish is the individual who endeavours to combat or to laugh them away, or to sink listless under them,—but to take them by forethought is the work of philosophy, or folly, or the instincts of nature. This premature ripening can love, or hate, or perhaps any of the more ardent passions accomplish,—and sometimes the indefinite grouping of new and impending and future events, absorbs the mind when no strong passion exercises individual sway.

A balmy day in autumn, such as rouses the heart, of even the dull and sordid, to the great Source of Good, cast its peaceful hues over the prairie, and the forest,—and over the gardens and fields of the Farm. The master of the little domain was out superintending the important labours of that time of the year,—his men-servants attended him, and Reynall was on the prairie, seeking to intercept some wild turkeys, among the verdant hollows, or slowly pacing the stream which crept near the settlements, and which induced the duck and brant to loiter luxuriating on its banks, reckless of the lone fowler who watched their motions intently. The cottage was silent, Julia, the female servant, was engaged in the dairy, and the two sisters sat at their needlework in the neat parlour, about whose window the woodbine and multiflora blended their exquisite forms and hues and fragrance, while the only sounds it admitted were the hum of some wild bees among the flowers, the call of the oriole, or mocking notes of the cat-bird, or, occasionally, the balmy wind making sweet music in the neighbouring shrubbery.

After a silence much longer than was usual until within the last ten days, the sisters entered into conversation.

"Well," said Maria, "after other more bustling employments, is it not a treat to get down quietly, in this manner, to the needle, while all is so peaceful around us?"

"Yes," answered Lucy, "change is pleasing, they say; but peacefulness, as you call it, may be loneliness and dulness sometimes."

"Ah! Lucy, I hope we will not begin to consider Maryville dull, after spending so many happy days here,—what other world do we know of, and what other should we wish for?"

"I do not exactly wish, Maria, but surely other places may be as good."

"Yes, but what have we to do with them, and should we cherish the less the blessings which we have, because other blessings equally great may be in existence? I trust not, I trust we are not about to let the cankerer, discontent, and discontent without cause, enter into our retreat to blast its peace."

"You need not make so much of a mere word, sister, you were not wont to do so."

"Nor would I, dear Lucy, but, forgive me, I have imagined an altered tone of feeling and conduct creeping over you lately, and I would draw you from it, if I could,—pardon me Lucy, it is love that urges me to offend, if I offend now."

"And perhaps it is love, which has made me offend, if I have offended, lately, by my altered tones."

"I do not like to hear my sister speak so lightly of what are really very serious matters, love for whom?"

"'Aye there's the rub.' I knew that suspicions were entertained. I can see altered looks and tones as well as others."

"Why Lucy,—I may well ask the question, for your usual love,—your love for our father, and for me, and perhaps I might even mention James Osburn, used to make you cheerful and not dull. Has this stranger, this Mr. Reynall, any part in altering your moods sister?—alas! why need I enquire, I should be dull-sighted indeed if I doubted the fact,—though I trust the effect is but transitory, and one occasioned by thoughtlessness rather than reflection."

"You are indeed sharp-sighted, and inclined to be severe, Maria. I know not that I have encouraged Mr. Osburn more than neighbourly intimacy might warrant,—and, suppose Mr. Reynall to wish that I should give up prior claims, and accompany him to B — as his companion for life, what great objections could you urge?"

"He is a stranger to us," said Maria, with emotion.

"He has been well recommended to father's kindness, by old friends," said Lucy, "and we may know as much of some in seven days, as we can of others in as many years."

"Well then, Lucy, as to James Osburn's claim, and my objections to Mr. Reynall,—Do you not know that James has long settled his affections on you, that his chief object has been to prepare for your comfort and happiness, that your altered conduct has deeply pained his sensitive and ardent mind, and that a total change in your views respecting him, would, in all probability, plunge him into a state which would cause you excessive distress, except you should be altered more than I believe my sister ever can be?"

"Am I bound to sacrifice my feelings and views," said Lucy, "because another chooses to indulge in day-dreams? But proceed to your objections."

"My objections," said Maria, "shall be few, but I think them of consequence. Mr. Reynall I believe to be of a fickle disposition. In the few days' acquaintance which we have had with him, we have seen him enter at one time with boyish zeal and recklessness into pursuits, which, a few hours after, for no reason, except the decline of animal spirits, were given up as entirely distasteful. Is that a disposition worthy of my Lucy's affection? It is petty and dangerous. Another objection is, that the alteration of your views cannot be from principle, I know it cannot, for you can see no superiority in him as compared with his rival,—it is, I fear, the effect of a foolish desire for novelty,—and believe me, old habits will be revenged,—life in B — will be very different from life at Maryville, and the one has too deep root to be easily displaced. Recollect Lucy, since we were infants, and since emigration brought our father to this continent, Maryville has been our home,—and recollect what our sainted mother so often insisted on, she who took such care in forming our minds, and to whose love and good sense, and accomplishments, we owe any superiority we possess,—recollect how often she insisted that principle, not vague impulses, should be the ground of our decisions, if we expected blessings to follow."

"Ah," said Lucy, "to what principles is your zeal in this matter to be attributed? Do you fear that the wife of Harry Fairfield the farmer, might be eclipsed by her sister, in the polite circles of B —? Do you wish to depress me from selfish motives?"

"No more, no more of that, dear Lucy," said the sobbing Maria,—"I ask your pardon for the freedom I have taken,—I will mention the matter no more,—only do not sever me from your respect and affections,—let us still and ever be sisters,—whatever change is to occur, however the present scene and late anticipations are to be blasted, let us not, I beseech you, add personal estrangements to our other trials: I conjure you by our mother's love, and by her dying charge, let us ever be the dearest friends to each other."

The sisters were soon locked in a mutual embrace,—Lucy entreated her sister to use her wonted freedom in every matter, and to forgive her harshness,—and Maria said that she knew her Lucy would be always herself, kind and warm-hearted, and that she would pray for her happiness incessantly, whatever state of life she should be placed in.

This little scene had entirely passed by,—Julia had returned from the dairy,—and Walter and Michael from the field, and the rich hues of sunset were bathing prairie and wood in the most delicious and sweetly tempered light, as the three dogs, Wolf and Watch and Rolla, came bounding into the cottage, announcing the return of their masters.

Clarkson was simple and cheerful as usual, and Reynall appeared to have more than his wonted vivacity. He had brought home some prairie hens, and Lucy had undertaken to prepare them for supper. She understood their cookery, the rice for dressing was soon on the fire,—light embers were heaped together for rapid roasting,—a few glasses of wine were obtained from the husbanded stock of that article, and some preserved orange peel, and spice, formed the other ingredients for the sauce of the delicious dish.

Reynall expressed the delight which he had in his day's excursion, and his almost willingness to forego the City for the Prairie. The chief novelties of the day, were the effects produced by the

flight of Cranes and Pelicans. The former stately creatures soared so high among the clouds, that the gazer saw but mere specks—giants of the feathered tribe, dwindled down to midges by distance—and could scarcely follow their majestic circlings, as they sailed sublimely far above the earth,—yet their deep sonorous notes filled the atmosphere, and came down as distinctly as if the flock were on the neighbouring marsh. The sounds came singly, and in mingling concord,—note after note, and note blended with note, like short deep noises made by brazen trumpets,—reminding of some supernatural army congregated in the region of clouds. The Pelicans, less high, and not distinguished by notes, were exquisite in the gracefulness of their motions. The flock continued, poised on their sail-like wings, for hours, over one narrow tract,—sinking and soaring, and wheeling and circling,—now dark in deep shade, as they floated against the sun, and again, reflecting his rays glancingly and most brilliantly,—as if a band of angels were there,—exercising their plumes, in playful, but ever sublime evolutions.

The sights and sounds of unsophisticated nature, have charms for the mind, except it be unusually callous, originally, or is rendered so by the action of long continued untoward circumstances. Clarkson thought Reynall's descriptions rather poetic; but the sisters could readily enter into his feelings, and both were pleased at the influence which Prairie scenes had on their visitor's imagination.

But the scenes of the air did not altogether absorb Reynall's attention; however distant the soul can travel on its more expansive senses, it comes regularly back to the narrow circle which forms its more immediate sphere, and looks there for its chief sorrows or joys. Young, inexperienced, and confident, he resolved on breaking the favorite burthen of his thoughts to his host,—and when the sisters had retired to their own apartments, in a distant part of the spacious cottage, he boldly demanded Lucy's hand from her astonished father. A manly and decided denial was the answer. Lucy was already tacitly engaged to his respected neighbour young Osburn; he would not appeal to her feelings, because she could not, and should not, be so silly and capricious as to change her mind so causelessly;—and the mortified visitor was politely informed, that his longer stay at the Farm could not be desirable, under the altered circumstances.

The companions soon separated, each to commune with his pillow. One surprised, and hurt, and feeling unusual and unpleasant anticipations lay hold of his mind,—the other baffled but not beaten; excited by opposition, by jealousy, by a desire to succeed in an attempt which occupied his heart, and resolved to play a deeper and holdier game for the prize.

The morning brought beauty and gaiety to the lower creation, but man every where, more or less, woke to the cares of existence. In some instances these cares sat lightly, just pressing beneficently, like the material atmosphere, counteracting the eccentric buoyancy which would else become an evil; to others they formed the chief business, and cast a cloud over every moment and incident of life; while others found their ears a scorpion scourge, corroding and irritating and finally deadening, every wholesome faculty. Clarkson felt much additional responsibility in his patriarchal government,—in vain his dogs waited, impatiently, at the door to accompany him into the fields,—in vain the garden, or the corn-field, or the prairie invited him forth,—he loitered about the cottage in an irresolute pondering mood. Reynall also was somewhat oppressed by circumstances; but he felt the spur which opposition and enterprise give the young, and though not at rest he was far from desponding. He had resolved to leave the cottage as soon as he could take leave becomingly, and had spent the morning in writing something which seemed to excite all his feelings. Unusual gloom predominated at the breakfast table. Clarkson scarcely spoke, Reynall appeared in his travelling costume and was studiously polite and cool,—the sisters perceived that some cause for depression existed, and they gave way to the atmosphere which the presence of anxiety creates. Reynall soon rose to depart, and informed the surprised sisters, that circumstances made a more hasty return to home, than he anticipated, desirable. Clarkson feared that he had rather transgressed the rules of hospitality, on slight grounds, and he put on a more courteous demeanour than his visitor expected. Maria was confounded, and the rapid alternation of red and white on the cheeks of Lucy, strongly told how ill at ease she was; at what seemed the final farewell, Reynall, with a beseeching look, contrived to convey a small note into her hand, unperceived by father or sister.

The cottage soon evinced that lonely feeling which accompanies the departure of an inmate. The sound of the garrulous tongue, the light laugh, the comely form, which lately animated the dwelling, had quit it, perhaps for ever, and those who remained did homage to the social feelings by deeply recognizing the change.

Lucy's note contained a request from her lover, that she would indulge him with a private farewell, at her own lattice, within an hour of midnight; this was urged with a lover's eloquence, and was acceded to soon as requested. The unsophisticated girl saw no impropriety in the interview, she believed his protestations, and shrank from the cruelty of harshly snapping their intimacy and its anticipations.

Night came, and with it, sadly deceived hearts sank to peaceful rest. Clarkson felt elated at so easily escaping interruption of domestic peace,—Maria was delighted at what seemed the happy termination of her foreboding, and of her sister's temptations,—and Osburn experienced the removal of a load from his honest mind, and expected soon to see his Lucy her own sweet self, relieved from all the coquetry which had lately marred his prospects;—Lucy, although not at rest, was also the victim of false anticipations;—the innocent romance of her interview, the final departure of her stranger lover, the return of old feelings, and the continuation of the former peaceful tenor of her way, were the thoughts of her mind. Alas! all were deceived, and she the most. That was, to her, the last night of maiden buoyancy and freedom, and the commencement of cares and disappointments and remorse, before undreamed of. So it is continually for good and for evil; the anticipations of mortals, as regards this world, are generally deceptive and fleeting, as the beautiful chaos in the east, which precedes sunrise,—fading and altering and assuming most dissimilar aspects, even while we take a momentary gaze.

At the appointed hour Lucy was at her unbarred lattice, and soon perceived a form moving through the dark shrubbery. A farewell was not Reynall's object, and with the impetuosity of youth, he urged an immediate resolution that their future fate should be indissolubly united. He had prepared horses and a guide; they would be married at the village of V—, he would study to make his Lucy's city's life happy, her father and sister would soon be reconciled and pleased with her resolution,—and the merchant's wife should as far outshine the farmer's, as the rose of Lucy's own garden surpassed the wild flowers of the Prairie. Such were the arguments which he used, and in the whirl of the moment they were successful. Scarcely knowing what she did, guided and urged by her ardent lover, Lucy prepared a small bundle of necessary habiliments, emerged noiselessly from the window into her tempter's arms, hurried with him through the paths of the farm, and turned her back, forever, on the peace and enjoyments of her home. It was the first false step.—Alas! how many such are made in human history,—to what pangs do they lead, how much of unappreciated wisdom consists in a mere continuance in the way of duty.

To be continued.

## JERUSALEM.

Two works have very recently issued from the British press on the Holy Land, the first by Lord Lindsay, and the second by George Robinson, Esq. We give below the accounts of the Holy City as furnished by our travellers, which shew how differently the same heart-stirring object is viewed by various minds.

### LORD LINDSAY'S APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

Riding slowly on to Jerusalem, we met numbers of most picturesque-looking white bearded old men, and many lovely children. One of them, particularly, a Russian boy, taking off his fur cap to return our salutation, with his flowing ringlets and sweet face, reminded me of one of Raphael's angels. We met many parties, too, of Turks, Armenians, and Greeks, pilgrimising—the former to Rachel's tomb, the latter to Bethlehem. Some saluted us with "Bon Viaggio," and "Benvenuti Signori!" others with the emphatic "Salam," "Peace!" or by simply laying the hand on the heart in the graceful oriental fashion. It was delightful thus to be welcomed to the City of Peace by men of all creeds and countries, a sort of anticipation of the happy time when all nations will go up to worship One God at Jerusalem, and all will receive the welcome of the heart as well as the lip.

Of Jerusalem I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery: Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once; the Arab village Siloan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloam still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the Mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane; occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of scripture.—It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of Scriptural events by the word of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at Peter's denial of our Saviour, nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loca sancta*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at, or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives, and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow



filthy, ill paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow as they did, when their divine instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall, of his second Advent, and of the final judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming! Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the Eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely, a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

"In Earth's dark circle once the precious gem  
Of Living Light—Oh, fallen Jerusalem!"

But her king, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.

#### MR. ROBINSON'S APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

'As we approach Jerusalem, the road becomes more and more rugged, and all appearance of vegetation ceases. The rocks are scantily covered with soil, and what little verdure might have existed in the spring is now, in the autumn, entirely burnt up. There is a like absence of animal life; and it is no exaggeration to say, 'here man dwelleth not; the beast wandereth not, and the bird flieth not.' Indeed nothing indicates the immediate approach to the ancient metropolis of Judæa, unless it be the apparent evidences of a curse upon its soil, impressed in the dreadful characters just mentioned, whilst 'the inhabitants thereof are scattered abroad.' Oftentimes on the road was I tempted to exclaim, 'like the stranger that shall come from a far land,' 'Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto the land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?'

'Impatient to catch the first glimpse of the city, I had rode on at the head of the party, when upon reaching an eminence, which for some time past we had seen before us, a line of embattled walls, above which a few cupolas and minarets raised their heads, suddenly presented itself to my anxious view. I did not inquire if this was Jerusalem. Indeed, I could not have satisfied my inquiry had I wished, for not a living creature was moving without the city wall. I FELT, however, that it was the Holy City; at the same time I was disappointed in its general appearance, and in the impressions I was prepared to receive, upon viewing for the first time, the place that had so long enjoyed the special favours of heaven, and which at the latter and ever-memorable period, was fixed upon by our Lord to be the theatre of his sufferings for our redemption. This surprise originated, not so much on account of the aspect of the town (for as yet we had seen but little of it) as from the singularity of its position; being surrounded by mountains, without any cultivated land within the range of vision, destitute of water, and not apparently on any high-road. As my companions successively came up, they evidently participated in this feeling of disappointment. We remained silent a few minutes, each one declining to communicate his sensations to the other; or, perhaps, unable to do so from the novelty of our situation.'

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Near the palace of Venice, and separated only by a canal, is a prison; this prison is connected with the palace by a high covered bridge, called the Bridge of Sighs. This bridge has, or had, for it is now closed up, two passages: one leading from the prison into the council chambers, and another leading to other more private apartments and dungeons under the palace itself. These dungeons were also accessible from the palace by a secret passage, which was unknown to the public until the arcana of these apartments of death were laid open by the French. Indeed, it is said, that the citizens generally did not know of the existence of these wretched cells. Here the trembling victims were led to the torture and to death. We visited these gloomy prisons; they were as dark as night, and consisted each of one arch of heavy masonry, with a single hole for purposes of respiration, etc. They had been generally lined with wood; but Napoleon permitted the citizens to enter and tear out all that was movable in these horrid cells. Here was a grated window where the victims used to be strangled. They were seated on a block within, and a rope fastened at one end, passed through the grate and round the neck, and out again to a machine, by the turning of which the head and shoulders were drawn up to the grate, and the poor wretch was strangled by the cord that passed round his neck. Another place was fitted up for decapitation, like a guillotine. The heavy knife, fixed to a frame, was raised by machinery to the proper distance, (the victim being fixed in the right position,) when it fell and struck the head from the body, and a trench in the stone and holes made for the purpose, conveyed the blood down into the waters below. All this was done by night, and with the utmost privacy; and here was the little arches in the wall, where the executioner placed his lamp while he performed his bloody work. The whole was made so real and brought so near by the associations around us, that the blood was almost chilled with horror; and we were glad to leave those gloomy vaults where thousands had languished out years of solitary confinement, or perished miserably by the hand of the executioner.—*Dr. Fish's Travels.*

#### THE WAR SPIRIT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WAR-SPIRIT! War-Spirit, how gorgeous thy path,  
Pale Earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of wrath;  
The king at thy beckoning comes down from his throne,  
To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,  
With the trampling of steeds, and the trumpet's wild cry,  
While the folds of their banners gleam bright o'er the sky.

Thy glories are sought till the life-throw is o'er,  
Thy laurels pursued, though they blossom in gore;  
Mid the ruin of columns and temples sublime,  
The arch of the hero doth grapple with time,  
The muse o'er thy form throws her tissue divine,  
And History her annal emblazons with thine.

War-Spirit! War-Spirit! thy secrets are known,  
I have looked on the field when the battle was done—  
The mangled and slain in their misery lay,  
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey;  
But the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,  
In the homes that those loved ones revisit no more.

I have traced out thy march, by its features of pain,  
While Famine and Pestilence stalked in thy train,  
And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,  
And thy breath on the soul, was the plague-spot of hell!  
Death lauded thy deeds, and in letters of flame  
The realm of perdition recorded thy name.

War-Spirit! War-Spirit! go down to thy place,  
With the demons that thrive on the wo of our race;  
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,  
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried—  
Let thy league with the grave and Accedama cease,  
And yield the torn world to the Angel of Peace.

#### THE MERCY SEAT.

BY THE REV. HUGH STOWELL.

From every storm of wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat.  
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place, than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sundered far—by faith they meet  
Around the common Mercy Seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—  
Or how the host of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?

There! there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

#### SONNET—TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

LADY, amid the pomp that circles thee—  
The ceaseless round of homage, and the set  
And stately forms of courtly etiquette,—  
Dost thou not sometimes wish that thou wert free  
To leave thy golden cage, and chainless flee.  
Like some bright bird, a quiet home to find  
With those thou lovest, leaving far behind  
The cumbersome crown and robe of royalty?—  
Dost thou not pant for some such quiet shade,  
With no attendant flatterers by thy side—  
No public eye to mark each look and tone—  
Where thy pure thoughts, unchecked and unbetrayed,  
May find expression unto none denied  
But those who wield a sceptre on the throne?

#### ETERNITY.

COEVAL with the Deity, who always was—  
Coeval with Jehovah, who shall always be  
Immeasurable as space, and boundless as  
The universe—our world is unto Thee  
No source of change; for still thou rollest on,  
As unaffected by its destiny,  
As is the rolling of the mighty sea  
By some frail skiff upon its bosom borne,  
With rudder lost, sails rent, and spars and masts all gone.

#### A CHINESE BRIDE.

The following description of a Chinese bride is given by a modern traveller:—The son of our host having been married a few days, we were honoured, according to the usage of the country, during the honeymoon, with permission to look at his wife, as she stood at the door of her apartment, while we were passing out. The lady was surrounded by several old women, who held tapers and lamps above and about her, that we might have a more complete view of her figure and attire. She was a young person, apparently about seventeen years of age, of middling stature, with very agreeable features and a light complexion, though she seemed to have used paint. She wore a scarlet robe, superbly trimmed with gold, which completely covered her from the shoulders to the ground: the sleeves were very full, and along the bottom

was a beautiful fringe of small balls. Her head-dress sparkled with jewels, and was elegantly headed with rows of pearls, encircling it like a coronet; from the front of which, a brilliant angular ornament hung over her forehead and between her eyebrows. She stood in a modest and graceful attitude, having her eyes fixed on the floor, though she occasionally raised them, with a glance of timid curiosity, towards the spectators. Her hands, which were joined together, and folded in her robe, she lifted several times towards her face, and then lowered them very slowly. Her attendants, presuming that the guests would be gratified with a view of what the Chinese consider the consummation of female beauty, raised the hem of the mantle from her feet for a moment or two: they were of the most diminutive kind, and reduced to a mere point at the toe. The shoes, like the rest of her bridal apparel, were scarlet, embroidered with gold. Her demeanor, during this exhibition, was natural and becoming, and, once or twice, a smile for an instant showed that she was not unconscious of the admiration which her appearance excited.

#### DEXTEROUS CONTRIVANCES OF THE ARABS.

The following anecdote is given by M. de Brussierre, as an illustration of the adroitness and audacity of the Arabs in some of their thefts:—An Arab introduced himself, by creeping on all fours, like a quadruped, into the tent in which one of the Beys was reposing, carrying off his clothes and arms, with which he attired himself. On quitting the tent very early in the morning, and assuming the manner and haughty carriage of the chief, whom he left asleep, he so imposed upon the attendants by his appearance, that they led forth their master's horse, which the Arab mounted and rode off, without creating suspicion. An hour afterwards, the servants were surprised at hearing the voice of the Bey, proceeding from the tent, calling for assistance. The latter was still more astonished than his servants, the boldness and adroitness of the thief appeared to him totally incomprehensible. After several weeks spent in fruitless endeavours to discover the delinquent, the Bey announced a free pardon to whomsoever would acknowledge in what manner his arms had been removed from under the pillow on which he slept. Some days afterwards, the identical Arab presented himself before the Bey, and reminded him of his proclamation, motioned him to recline on his couch and remain silent, whilst he should explain the mode by which he effected the robbery. The Arab forthwith dressed and armed himself as before, left the tent, and again deceived the domestics, who brought out for his use a valuable and favourite horse, and moreover, handed him a most magnificent pipe, supposing all the time that they were waiting on their master. During the whole of this scene, the Bey, who saw what was passing, was convulsed with laughter, but his merriment was soon checked, when his prototype fairly made off, at full gallop, with his weapons and baggage.

#### ESSAY WRITING.

To the unpractised nothing appears easier than Essay-writing. But this is altogether a mistake. The simplicity of Addison, in particular, and the easy flow of Goldsmith, will be found very difficult of imitation. We know that Addison's papers, with all their smoothness and apparent spontaneity, were elaborated slowly and with great pains. And the style of Goldsmith was the result of many years passed in study, the fruit of laborious days and nights of penury and want, endured by a hack-author writing for his bread. To success in this department of literature, elegance appears to be almost an essential requisite. This is a quality which is very difficult to define; but the cultivated mind perceives it at once. It requires delicacy of taste, and an exquisite ear, in the author; for language is a kind of music, and its nice construction demands no less skill than in the musical composer. A tolerably good prose style is not uncommon in the present day; but the 'curiosa sollicitas,' the 'words that burn,' are the result of a rare combination of genius and taste. This felicitous collocation, this perfect charm of words, is more frequently found in poetry than in prose, and is an essential element in poetical composition. It is beautifully exemplified in the eclogues and the *Æneid* of Virgil; in the poetry of Milton, who, realizing his own description in *Comus*,

'Takes the prison'd soul, and laps it in Elysiun';

and, among modern poets, in Gray, Rogers, and Campbell. We have seldom felt the magic spell of language so irresistible as in these authors. Poets have been thought to write the best prose, having gained facility by their poetical efforts. Of this Goldsmith and Cowper are illustrious examples; to whom may be added Scott, Byron, and Southey. But perhaps no English prose author of the present day altogether equals the late Robert Hall for that charm of language, which at once delights the ear, and penetrates the heart. It is a charm which is indescribable and irresistible. Beauty of style is one great means by which many of our Essayists gained their celebrity. And we wish that our young readers, who are meditating attempts of a similar kind, would labour to acquire the same simplicity of thought and expression, and the same elaborate polish. The labour will not be lost. Beautiful sentiments, on whatever subjects, have a ten-fold charm when accompanied with the fascination of musical words.—*Eclectic Review.*

## THE ADOPTED.

"Poor boy, the world hath much ill-used thee."

The recent wars in Spain have brought all things connected with that country most vividly before us, and we have become accustomed to dwell with increased interest on all circumstances relating thereto; the wild, untameable dispositions of its mountain peasantry, the war of extermination, and the bitter and relentless cruelty shewn to the unhappy prisoners, who have fallen into the power of either side, have made a deep and lasting impression on all who have observed the progress of events in Spain; and though we may look upon the country as the reign of romance, where the soft and sunny landscape bears away the palm from all other lands; where the orange-grove sheds its fragrant perfume around; and where the beautiful and grand blend to render it the most lovely of all countries in the world, yet has all this been thrown away upon its stern inhabitants, who are only remarkable for their cruelty when any popular commotion stirs the angry blood of men into action, and all ties of humanity are forgotten. May we hope that a change may come o'er the spirit of the drama, and better and brighter days be in store for this unhappy land.

Our readers remember during the recent events in Spain, that the decimation of the Chapelgorries excited unusual attention; the cruelty and injustice of the act was so monstrous that men wondered such things could pass in these days of improvement and civilization. It is to this circumstance our story tends. We need scarcely mention that the Chapelgorries were the elite of the Spanish army; and after that sad event their spirits were broken, and the corps were considered to be so changed in spirit as scarcely to be recognized as the same.

Pietro Rimez was, of all the Chapelgorries, about the most soldier-like and neatest in appearance that an officer could have picked out as a model for his comrades; he was scarce turned twenty, a very Spaniard in his sun-burnt countenance and glossy hair, and though brave to desperation, yet to his comrades was he the greatest favorite, from his mildness and kind good feeling, that ever prompted him to lend a helping hand to assist or relieve them in any emergency that the frequent changes of a campaign called forth.

There was one circumstance connected with him that excited much attention in the corps; throughout all the campaigns he had been followed by a woman; gentle reader, we tell no story of love, of no singleness of purpose that woman in her devotion leaves all the world to follow him she loves the best, and whether in sickness or in sorrow, to be near and minister consolation and comfort in the hour of trial and distress; for Pietro but called the Andalusian Paquita by the name of mother. There seemed something in her affection for her son more than even mothers show; or, perhaps, it requires the wild and stirring scenes of civil strife and war to call them forth in all their force. She was ever near him in their long and tedious marches, to assist and encourage him; and her only comfort seemed to be when with him.

It will be recollected that the Chapelgorries were said to have pillaged a church and killed the priest; the priest was said to have been killed in fair and open fight as an enemy; that he was slain as the aggressor. Be this so or not, and we believe it was the truth, a terrible blow was to avenge this so called atrocity, and as none could point out which were the actual culprits on the occasion, it was determined by the general (and by none but a Spaniard could such an act of blood be perpetrated) that the Chapelgorries should be decimated.

The unhappy men were ordered to march some distance beyond the town, and to pile their arms, ignorant of what was to be the result. This they did, unsuspectingly, and upon a given signal the other regiments closed and took charge of their arms. The Chapelgorries instantly perceived that they were betrayed, and strove to regain their muskets, but it was too late; they then learnt to what they were doomed. Lots were ordered to be drawn, and those who drew the unfortunate numbers were to die.

The lots were accordingly drawn in solemn silence, the betrayed Chapelgorries inwardly vowing vengeance against their betrayer. Among those whose evil chances doomed them to die, was the general favorite of the regiment, Pietro Rimez. His unhappy mother, who had, as usual, followed the regiment, soon learnt the approaching fate of her son. The suddenness seemed almost to bewilder her; she could scarce believe it was not a dream. "To die!" she exclaimed; "so young, so innocent! What! what had he done? Why was he to be a victim, who knew nothing of their misdeeds, if, indeed there had been any?" A sudden thought, however, seemed to have come across her; the major of the Chapelgorries was a stern man, but little known for mercy, of an abstract and gloomy disposition, he seemed to avoid his brother officers; it was said something preyed upon his mind, but whether of love or hate none ever knew; whatever had been the circumstance, it had changed his disposition altogether, for there were those who had known him in his youth, a man of different character, even, as they said, to be mild and gentle. The stern, unrelenting character of a strict disciplinarian was now the general name he bore in the regiment, and none but the unhappy Paquita would have thought of bending to him for mercy.

She flew to him on the instant, and besought him to listen to her.

He acceded to her demand. She besought him that their interview might be in private. To this, also, he agreed; and they withdrew to some distance.

No sooner were they out of hearing of the rest, than she exclaimed with much eagerness, "Oh! spare my poor boy, he is doomed to die; spare him in Heaven's name, and I will worship thee; oh! spare him to me."

"Woman, I cannot."

"You can; you can: a word from you would do it. Oh! hear me. Do not let him die. One word, and his life is spared."

"I cannot interfere; it is a stern duty, and it must be performed; why should I interfere for one more than another?"

"He is innocent; he was not near the spot; do with him what you will, but spare his life, only spare his life."

"I cannot!"

"Say rather you will not!"

"Then do I say I will not!"

"Spoken like yourself, Manuel Adorio," exclaimed Paquita, with bitterness.

At the sound of this name, not the one he bore in the regiment, the major started, and every nerve seemed to quiver with agony.

"How know you that name?" he demanded eagerly.

"Ah, you seem now to listen more to reason; do you remember something more than twenty years ago, you were in Andalusia, young and handsome, and courted by all? You see I do know you; will you spare him now?"

"It seems you know me; but I cannot spare him; I pity you, but duty must have its way."

"Duty!" said the half-frantic woman, turning her eyes with bitter agony towards the Chapelgorries, "you call that duty? there is no word for such an act, or I know none; listen then farther to me; you know that in Andalusia, the lordly family of Alvez had an only daughter—what can I call her—she was an angel if ever woman was, and you know it; and more—for you see I know you well, Manuel Adorio, at least you once bore that name. Will you spare my poor boy?"

The major answered not, but his hand was pressed upon his brow, some bitter recollections seeming to affect him deeply.

Paquita proceeded, "Manuel, I will tell you more; you wooed the gentle Inez in secret—and more will I tell you—you won her, for in private you married her—look at me, stern man. I say, look at me, and remember who was present then, even the poor degraded being who is now before you; then your wife's maid—but now an humble suppliant for your mercy; then, you were the suppliant for stolen interviews; will you spare my poor boy?"

"Indeed I have not the power!"

"I say you have; you are the general's favorite; he will do all you wish. Spare him, I say, and you will think it the happiest day you have known for many a long year; you hesitate; why, man, your heart has turned to iron that nothing can indent; listen to me, then, for if what I tell you now, will not, then there is no feeling on earth. You know the Lord Alvez, on discovering your secret visits, forced your wife into a convent, and you never saw her more, and there, like a sickly flower, she drooped and pined for him she loved; for alas! she loved you but too well; poor thing, she suffered not many months, as you well know; for she died a victim of her father's cruelty, and I alone closed her eyes in death. Will you spare my boy? Manuel Adorio, oh! spare him to me; think what you felt when you heard of your wife's death, and think what I feel now—"

"Indeed, indeed, Paquita, I have not the power to do it."

"Man of blood, you have, I say; oh, God! he will die, and none will raise a hand to save him. Adorio, you must save him—for die he must not, he cannot die. I said," she continued speaking in a hurried manner, "that your wife died in these arms, bidding me, ere she died, to seek you out, and tell you—look, look, they are closing in—there is time—speak the word—quick, ere it is too late."

"I would save him if I had the power."

"The gentle Lady Inez said not so when I left the convent. After death I bore what she had charged me with, unknown to all; for years, I sought you in vain, but you had changed your name; and when I found you I could not part with my charge, it had so twined itself round my heart, I could not part with it. I loved it more than all the world—more than I can tell you now; oh, look! it will be too late; see—see, they have all closed in—"

The major beckoned to one of the officers, and told him to bring Pietro Rimez before him."

The officer hastened towards them to execute the commands; but just as he arrived at the spot, the report of a volley of muskets told it was too late.

The unhappy Paquita looked pointing in the air with her finger but a few moments; the words could find no utterance; after a time, however, she exclaimed, still pointing to the spot, "Too late, too late—he is dead." She then turned towards Adorio; her countenance was awful; a death-like paleness had come over it, whilst her dark eyes seemed almost starting from her head, and with a sad, melancholy expression, she said, "Manuel Adorio, your wife bade me give you one last sad token of her love, and one you would dearly prize for her sake; poor thing, she little

thought she was wrong, but such as it now is, I give it to you; go, man of blood, and seek amongst the dead bodies of the Chapelgorries, until you find one that was once called Pietro Rimez."

"Oh, God! what is it you mean? You will drive me mad."

"Alas! I fear me much you have driven me so, already—but let me tell you all; the poor boy is not my son; he is not born of such lowly blood as mine; he is of noble birth—I say of noble birth; the proudest in all proud Andalusia; the noblest of all Spain's nobles—he is an Alvez by his mother's side, his father is Don Manuel Adorio! Seek him, I say, and let my words ring in your ears by day or night, waking or sleeping. You might have saved your son, and you would not; do you hear me?—you would not. I care not now what becomes of me; the world is all a blank, for I am like yourself, lone and desolate!"

For the Pearl.

## THE YELLOW LEAF.

—Now the leaf

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;  
Oft startling such as studious walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob; o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,  
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blacid verdure of the fields;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign."

THOMSON.

WHETHER it be the fault or the excellence of my nature, which others may be left to determine, the fact is, I am very imaginative. This, perhaps, predominant intellectual quality, is not, however, I trust, unaccompanied by other counter-balancing mental properties as well as by moral restraints. Imagination may be like poison in medicine—destructive when unmixed, but conducive to great good when properly compounded and diffused. He who is all imagination will be often a mere enthusiast, and may be guilty of vain fancies and frivolities, while he who is all judgment will be sure to be dull, and for want of a propelling power, may be uninteresting or silent. A man of mere argument, or good sense, as it is called, can look at the visible universe with little emotion, and pass unobserved and unfelt even its vastness as well as its minutest characteristics of grandeur or beauty, whereas every object will be a theme for the man of glowing passion and observant eye. To the one, half the creation is a blank; to the other, every line, word, and letter, is distinctly marked and appreciated on "nature's ample page;" so that not only are our means of mental enjoyment and personal improvement increased by observation, and the play of fancy or thought, but individual amusement is associated with general utility. He who can fetch a thought from a flower, or bring a new and improving association of ideas to a blade of grass, is a real, though not, it may be, so great a benefactor to his species, as he who sows a seed, or plants a tree, where seed was never sown, or tree never grew before.

I must own that a green or a yellow leaf has, like ten thousand other minute, and often disregarded objects in this beautiful creation, a charm—shall I call it a moral charm?—for me. Amidst the expanding verdure of Spring, indeed, I can sympathise with the poet's language—"this is the *lud* of being;" but thoughts not less impressive or beneficial seem to crowd around the steps of Autumn. This may appear a fit subject for poetry, but why should it not breathe in prose?

Perfect uniformity is seldom conducive to the highest effect. We are so constituted as to desire and to be pleased both with change and variety. The green colour of the opening spring is grateful to the eye; but abstractedly, the variegated colours of the season of decay probably please as much, or more, both the senses and the taste. It is delightful to contemplate the effect of autumnal changes at a distance, when the foliage begins to exhibit a yellow tinge. The landscape acquires new beauty, though it indicates decay; yet there is sometimes a peculiar loveliness even in death. Perhaps few scenes of nature are more imposing than the variegations of colour in the landscape, and especially on the thick embowering wood, as observed amidst the tranquil atmosphere of October, and when the sun is just casting his departing ray from his throne of gold. It is the painter's and the poet's hour. The impression I have found to be greatly enhanced by marking the progress of decay, and observing particular objects. If a tree, for instance, covered with its yellow livery, stood alone, it might indeed attract attention from its general gracefulness of form, or the brilliancy of its foliage, but when seen in combination, and in contrast with a verdant mass around, in different stages of discolouration and decay, we become at once sensible of increased effect. It both imparts and imbibes beauty.

Nothing is more pleasing than to pursue the path by the forest side, leafy and soft. The gathering foliage present a kind of pleasing obstacle, which resists, yet yields to the foot. I love to catch the gentle sound of the breeze, to feel the flutterings of his wings, and to follow with the eye, leaf after leaf, swept from the



path, and whirled about. It is the play-hour of sportive wind, and let not these wanderings amongst the woods be called hours of idleness, but hours of happiness and of profit. They are in truth given, when rightly estimated and employed, to health, to meditation, and to God!

In the autumnal ramble the eye will be sometimes attracted by a single leaf suspended by its thin fibre at the extremity of a branch or minute ramification. There it hangs as in mid air, twisting and twirling like a culprit in agony, and exhibiting in bold and striking relief upon the brightness of a distant sky. It swings hither and thither, turning about in manifest contortions, till jerked from its elevation by a severer blast or a more powerful touch of decay, the fibre snaps, and it falls amongst its kindred millions. And what is fallen? A leaf, say you, an insignificant and withered leaf; brush it out of the path, or let the eddying winds whirl it away. But no—examine it—analyse it parts, take it with you for closer inspection, employ the exploring microscope—now say what is fallen—what prostrate millions of living beings have crowded your path, and O, what a peopled universe is this! Even amidst the decays of nature we have life—sensitive, susceptible, and instinctive existence. Mortality is even now, as it were, “swallowed up of life.” The fallen leaf is the world to an innumerable host of animalcules, as this rolling atom in the boundless creation is our world—itsself less in comparison, both in magnitude and duration than the yellow leaf of the forest to the forest, or the earth itself.

It is well known that the richest soils in an agricultural point of view, are those which are formed by decayed vegetation. On the banks of the Ohio, plants and trees are seen in all their luxuriance and vigour of growth, and everywhere a vegetable mould is prized, as best subservient to all the purposes of cultivation. What then is decay? Is it annihilation? It would seem not, but a change only of constitutional elements, a process of remodification. The leaf falls, it is true, and returns to dust; but what is that dust? how is it disposed? what transformations may it undergo? The particles of matter of which the leaf is composed do not appear, so far as reason or observation can ascertain, to be utterly destroyed, but to be cast into new forms, and as we may say, to rise into new beings. It is perhaps possible for the mind to conceive of the annihilation as well as the creation of matter; and though we have no power of imagining the *modus operandi* in either case, yet the admission of the fact or possibility is not difficult. But though matter which was created may be annihilated; there is no good evidence that it will; because it does not seem necessary, and is contrary to experience. In innumerable instances wherein objects vanish from our sight, and seem to be dissolved, they obviously re-appear, though in other and strange varieties and forms. The seed is cast into the ground, and it soon presents itself again; not indeed in a molecule of matter, but in the aspiring blade, which gradually advances to the full corn in the ear. And thus, without bringing other examples from nature, in which decay and reproduction are in endless and mysterious operation, it may be observed that the withered leaf rots into the earth and contributes its quota to the rich vegetable mould which rapidly accumulates, and then by the force of capillary attraction the separated particles ascend the fibres, and minister life and substance to the stems, branches, and leaves, of other trees—again becoming green with young existence—again adorning the forest, and shadowing the walk of meditation—again bowing to the universal law, and shivering on the bough in the yellowness of age, and again in the eternal circle rolling to the dust. Who knows then but we are now contemplating the forests of creation? Who knows then but that we are treading the soil once trodden, though in an altered organisation and arrangement only, that was pressed by the foot of patriarchs, prophets, and kings. Who knows, after ten thousand transformations and transmutations, but yonder tree contains, absorbed from the dust of ages, the elements of the oak of Mamre, or the leaf of the tree of life? But no—let fancy be repressed, and retire from the images that flit around, with the solemn thought of mortality, as illustrated in the fallen leaf of autumn, blended with the glorious hope, as pictured in the green leaf of spring, of a blooming immortality.

SIGMA.

**THE QUEEN BEE.**—“If the bees are deprived of their queen, and are supplied with a comb containing young worker brood only, they will select one or more to be educated as queens; which, by having a royal cell selected for their habitation, and being fed by royal jelly for not more than two days, when they emerge from their pupa state (though if they had remained in the cells which they originally inhabited, they would have turned out workers) will come forth complete queens, with their forms, instincts, and powers of generation entirely different. In order to produce this effect, the grub must not be more than three days old; and this is the age at which, according to Schirach, (the first nriarist who called the public attention to this miracle of nature), the bees usually select the larvæ to be royally educated; though it appears from Huber’s observations, that a larva two days or even twenty-four hours will do. Their mode of proceeding is described to be as follows:—Having chosen a grub, they remove the inhabitants and their food from two of the cells which join that

in which it resides; they next take down the partitions which separate these three cells, and, leaving the bottoms untouched, raise round the selected worm a cylindrical tube, which follows the horizontal direction of the other cells; but since at the close of the third day of its life its habitation must assume a different form and direction, they gnaw away the cells below it, using the wax of which they were formed to construct a new pyramidal tube, which they join at right angles to the horizontal one, the diameter of the former diminishing insensibly from its base to its mouth. During the two days which the grub inhabits this cell, like the common royal cells now become vertical, a bee may always be observed with his head plunged into it: and when one quits it another takes its place. These bees keep lengthening the cell as the worm grows older, and duly supply it with food, which they place before its mouth and round its body. The animal, which can only move in a spiral direction, keeps incessantly turning to take the jelly deposited before it; and thus slowly working downwards arrives insensibly near the orifice of the cell, just at the time that it is ready to assume the pupa, when the workers shut up its cradle with an appropriate covering.” “Sixteen days is the time assigned to a queen for her existence in her preparatory state before she is ready to emerge from her cell; three she remains in the egg; when hatched, she continues feeding five more; when covered in she begins to spin her cocoon, which occupies another day. As if exhausted by this labour, she remains perfectly still for two days and sixteen hours, and then assumes the pupa, in which state she remains exactly four days and eight hours—making, in all, the period just named. A longer time, by four days, is required to bring the workers to perfection. So that the peculiar circumstances which change the form and functions of the bee, accelerate its appearance as a perfect insect; and by choosing a grub three days old, when the bees want a queen, they actually gain six days: for in this case, she is ready to come forth in ten days, instead of sixteen, which would be required were a recently-laid egg fixed upon.”—*Dagster.*

**WOMAN’S FRIENDSHIP.**—It has been objected, that although friendships among women are, from their spirit of constancy, more permanent when made, yet that there is no natural tendency in that sex towards mutual friendship. This may be true, and when I see it proved, I shall believe it. To say, however, that woman’s love for the other sex interferes with her love for her own, goes but a very little way in advancing this proof—for is not man in an exactly similar predicament? We are told, men after marriage, frequently preserve their friendships close as before; women generally, after the same ceremony sacrifice theirs. Granting the fact, what does it prove? That women are more inconstant than men? Certainly not; but that their domestic duties, prevent them from cultivating friendship as sedulously as before, and that this noble feeling declines, and, perhaps, gradually dies—us all feelings will, which are thus cut off from exercise. Besides, I have Shakspeare on my side, whose

“—name is a tower of strength  
Which they upon the adverse faction want.”

We cannot surely forget Helena’s address to Hermin, when Oberon had thrown his enchantments around them:

“Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sister’s vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty footed time  
For parting us—oh, and is all forgot?  
All school day’s friendships, childhood’s innocence:  
We, Hermin, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key:  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.”

Here is Shakspeare, who seems to have made for himself a window in every human breast; here is the grand inquisitor, who penetrates, with an intuition almost supernatural, the mysteries of this “little world of man;” here is the infallible interpreter of nature, Shakspeare himself delineating, a picture of friendship the most perfect—and who compose the group on the foreground? *Women!* Now we put it to the candor of the reader, would Shakspeare have drawn such a vivid picture of female friendship, had not the propriety of it suggested itself to him from his previous observation of human nature? Why did he never think of depicting two boys in such an attitude?

**A MOTHER’S INFLUENCE.**—In what Christian country can we deny the influence which a mother exerts over the whole life of her children? The roughest and hardest wanderer, while he is tossed on the ocean, or while he scorches his feet on the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the smiles which maternal affection shed over his infancy; the reckless sinner, even in his hardened career, occasionally hears the whisperings of those holy precepts instilled by a virtuous mother, and, although they may, in the fulness of guilt, be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience, that they have led to a deep and lasting repentance; the erring child

of either sex will then, if a mother yet exists, turn to her for that consolation which the laws of society deny, and in the lasting purity of a mother’s love will find the way to heaven. How cheerfully does a virtuous son labor for a poverty-stricken mother! How alive is he to her honor and high standing in the world! And should that mother be deserted—be left in “worse than widowhood,” how proudly does he stand forth her comfort and protector! Indeed, the more we reflect upon the subject, the more entirely are we convinced, that no influence is so lasting, or of such wide extent; and the more intensely do we feel the necessity of guiding this sacred affection, and perfecting that being from whom it emanates.

## SONG OF THE SUN.

In the glorious East  
Is my matin feast,  
For I drink the rosy cloud!  
With my dazzling beam  
I rejoice, I ween,  
To lift from earth its shroud.

The smallest flowers  
Have eye their dowers  
To give each wandering ray;  
Drops of poorly dew  
Are the gifts they owe  
To strengthen me on my way.

No barrier strong  
Ere opposes long  
The course I love to take!

The mist may arise,  
But with radiant eyes  
Through its envious gloom I break.

When I sink to rest  
In the welcome West,  
Every parting glance I bend,

Every smiling hue  
Is a token true  
Of my toilsome journey’s end.

“VATES.”

**RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.**—Immediately on our arrival at Odessa, the portmanteau containing our books, sealed up at Liouva, was delivered in due form at the *chancellerie* of the Governor-General. The volumes were thence conveyed to the censor’s office, and we were informed that they would be detained till we should quit the country. Two days before sailing for Constantinople, we applied for their restitution; and they were all returned with the exception of three. These were “*Voyage en Orient par Fontanier*,” “*Mrs. Clarke’s Travels in Europe*,” and “*Auldjo’s Visit to Constantinople*.” The first is prohibited in Russia; the other two are not in the list of those permitted; therefore they are forbidden. It seems scarcely credible that so great a power should maintain a system so illiberal. In Petersburg a chief censor reads, or professes to read, all books published in Europe; what he disapproves, are excluded from the country, and what he does not approve, including what he does not read, are not tolerated. Consequently, the whole intellectual appetite of this prodigious empire is gauged by one man’s capacity, and the supply limited by his caprice.

We saw a charming girl at a dinner-party the other day. Her figure, face, mind and manners were equally agreeable; and yet she had destroyed their effect by the un-artist-like manner in which she had sprinkled her neck and shoulders with pearl powder. Just listen to us, ladies; don’t use it at all. Cleanliness is the only true cosmetic. Wash yourselves; that is all. As soon as that is done, you are as beautiful, precisely as nature, and your sweet tempers choose, and all the else is hopeless toil; hopeless as bleaching a blackamoor, though you were to labour on all the milk and powder and soaps that have been created from the days of Judith down to those of Del-Croix.

These are sad, vulgar truths; yet, alas! no less true. The thing is impossible. Be content! and as you can, a little add one tint to your complexion as one inch to your stature, without paint or without high heels, do what you can to apply cosmetics to your mind—as you have often been told how. That is the true art of beauty. A gentle soul and a sweet temper—intellect and virtue—these are cosmetics that will take out all your freckles and smooth all your wrinkles; which will render you beautiful even above your beauty; and beautiful even above your plainness.

**WOMAN’S LOVE.**—It has long been a favorite opinion of mine that in purity, (where love is the passion,) in tenderness of heart, and strength of attachment to the object preferred, women are, generally speaking, far nobler beings than men. There is a spirit of peculiar devotedness to the object of her love in the breast of a woman—a certain fortitude of affection, which no changes or chances of life can discourage—which increases with adversity, which unkindness itself cannot subdue, but which, like the April flower, seems to bloom most sweetly in tears. To her Love is a second nature—the business of her life—the motive of her actions—the theme of her waking thoughts—the shadow which her fancy pursues even in slumber; it is the innate principle of her constitution; it is born with her, it grows with her heart-strings, and she rarely parts with it, but with her life.

## THE NATURALIST.

BOTANY.—III.

**Wood.**—Having finished, in our last, the consideration of bark, we now come to that of wood. It consists of what are called *ligneous layers*, of which those in the centre are the hardest; and are called *duramen*, or *heart-wood*; while the outer ones are called *alburnum*, or *sap-wood*. The latter, on account of its soft, moist nature, is not good for building; and foresters sometimes cut away twenty or thirty layers, before they arrive at the durable heart-wood. It is in the latter that decay, when it attacks a tree begins; and old trees, much decayed within, will sometimes be seen blooming with vigour; but in such a case the alburnum will be found entire. Sap does not ascend through the bark or through the pith; for either of them may be removed without injuring the flower or fruit; but it ascends through the sap-wood. In order to harden the latter, it has been recommended to strip the tree of bark before felling it. It varies in thickness in different trees; and also in different parts of the same tree. Thus, if the trunk of a tree be sawn across, the circles of which it is composed will be found to be thicker at some parts than at others. This has been ascribed to the aspect, but it really depends on the soil; for the circles are thickest in those directions in which the roots obtain most nourishment. In general, one of these circles, or zones, is formed every year; but there may be two zones in one year, if the weather should change from warm to cold, and from cold to warm again; and if the winter should be very mild, so as not to put a stop to the growth of the tree, only one layer (though more than double the usual thickness) may be formed in two years. In general, however, the age of the tree may be known by the number of circles. If the summer be cold, of course the zone formed that year will not be so thick as the rest; and from this circumstance Linnæus, from examining old oaks, told what years had been remarkable for great cold. If the cold be so great as to freeze the sap in the alburnum, the outside of the latter is destroyed; but in the following year a new layer is deposited round it; and when the tree is cut down, you may tell the date of the hard winter by the number of circles which surround the decayed part. This was done in France, after a period of ninety-one years. On the same principle inscriptions have been found in the middle of a tree. Thus, in some trees in the East Indies, inscriptions were found which had been made by the Portuguese, two or three hundred years before; and which had been gradually closed in by fresh layers. The mark of the injury always remains; for wood is not deposited over it for some time. A stone may become enclosed in the same way, after a series of years. If the leaves of a tree be destroyed by caterpillars, but little wood is formed that year; because the sap is not elaborated. Knots are the bases of abortive branches, having become encased in the ligneous layers. External to the alburnum, is the *liber*, or innermost layer of the bark. It was much used for writing upon, before the invention of paper; inasmuch, that it has given its name to the Latin word for book. Trees which grow very quickly are light and spongy. The American alce grows nearly a foot a day.

In the section of the trunk of a tree, the circles are seen to be crossed by lines, radiating from the centre to the circumference. These are called *medullary rings*; and consist of laminae, and not of mere threads. They are composed of cellular tissue; are thickest in the middle; and separate the fibres from the concentric layers. Some of them are complete, reaching from the centre to the circumference; but many of them are not so. They are most numerous at the circumference.

**The Pith.**—Within the innermost circle of wood (like the marrow within a bone) is the pith, or medulla. It is surrounded by spiral vessels, which constitute what is called the medullary sheath. The form of the pith is various—being circular, or oval, or angular. Some have thought that the pith entirely disappears during the growth of the tree; but it is now said that it does not. Its uses have been variously stated. Some have said that it was like the brain and spinal marrow in animals—giving sensibility to the plant; but some plants have no pith. Some say that its office is to elaborate the sap; others that it is a reservoir of nutriment for the young shoots; for by means of the medullary rings, the buds are said to be brought into connection with the centre of the tree.

**The Root.**—Plants are composed of five parts:—1. root; 2. stem; 3. leaves; 4. flowers; 5. appendages. We begin with the root, which is the part first developed. Some parasitic plants appear to consist only of flowers; having neither root, stem, nor leaves. They are called parasitic, because they grow upon others, (like the mistletoe upon the oak,) instead of by an independent root of their own. Plants are divided into *cellular* and *vascular*; the former consisting of cellular tissue, which we examined in our last paper; and the latter containing vessels, which we also took a view of on the same occasion. Vascular plants are divided into *monocotyledonous* and *dicotyledonous*, according as the seed consists of one, or of two lobes; a lobe being called a cotyledon. This is well shown by a common bean; which, if the outer skin be removed, will be found to consist of two portions, which are called *lobes* or *cotyledons*. These cotyledons, when a seed germinates, usually rise above the ground, and become leaves.

The root is the descending part of the plant. Its most simple form is that of a fibre, of uniform thickness. If the light have free access, it remains white, as is seen in the roots of hyacinths placed in glasses. The fibre is terminated by a little body, called a *spongiole*, through which water is received for the nourishment of the plant; and if it be cut off, new fibres are sent off above the section, each terminated by a spongiole. Duck-weed has a solitary fibre for a root; but most plants have many fibres, descending from what is called a *radical plate*. Fibrous roots belong to the most simple plants. The next gradation is the *divided fibrous root*; each fibre being furnished with a spongiole. This kind of root is well seen in the grasses. Altogether, eleven kinds of roots are enumerated, as follows:—1. simple; 2. fibrous; 3. ramose; 4. bulbous; 5. tuberous; 6. articulated; 7. fusiform; 8. globose; 9. creeping; 10. præmorse; 11. palmate; 12. bidorted; 13. beaded; 14. granulated. Fibrous roots are generally found in sandy soils. The ultimate divisions of the fibres are called *fibrille*. When a root has no subdivisions, (like the radish,) it is called *simple*; while those roots which are divided into lateral branches are called *ramose*. A tulip is a good example of the *bulbous* root. They are of various kinds:—1. solid, as the meadow-saffron; 2. laminated, as the onion; 3. scaly, as the squills, or sea-onion. The potato is the best example of a *tuberous* root, as it is called, although no proper root springs from the tuber; but the root (which is really a *fibrous one*) has tubers connected with it. Roots divided into joints (like the wood-sorrel) are called *articulated*; the different parts being, as it were, articulated to each other. Every joint may be separated, and will become a new plant. An articulated root is sometimes called horizontal, but it is very seldom that it grows in that direction. What appears to be a horizontal root, is very often an underground stem. A *fusiform*, or tap-root is oblong and tapering. The carrot and parsnips are good examples; the turnip is a variety of it, and in the radish we have two varieties of it. It belongs to *biennial* plants; those which take two years to come to perfection. The stock, or body of the root, is called a *candax*, which, like the tubers of the potato, forms a reservoir of nutriment, which is gradually carried up to the leaves, and there prepared for the nourishment of the seeds. As this absorption takes place, the root becomes sticky; owing to the vessels deprived of their moisture, becoming dry. Some divide this kind of root into three varieties:—1. proper fusiform, as the beet-root; 2. conical, as the carrot; 3. tapiform, as the turnip-radish. To the tap-roots belong the mandrake; so called, because it divides into two, like the lower extremities of a man. It was formerly directed to be pulled up by a dog, which was to have its tail fastened to the plant. A *Globose* root resembles a bulb, but has radicles springing out from all parts of it, as in the earth-nut, and some species of ranunculus. A *creeping*, or *repent* root, passes along horizontally, and sends up fibres to the surface. It is very difficult to extirpate it. We have an example in common mint. It is found to be very useful in the dykes of Holland, and in Fifeshire; for the roots bind the soil, and keep it together. A curious kind of root is that which is truncated, or ends abruptly. It is called *præmorse* because it appears as if part had been bitten off. Mervil says, that this abrupt appearance is caused by the separation of the old root from the new. The plant called the "devil's bit scabious," has this kind of root; for a reason which is quaintly told by Gerard, (an old botanist,) in his "Herbal." "The great part of the root seemeth to be bitten away. Old fantastick charmers report, that the devil did bite it for envie, because it is an herbe that hath so many good vertues, and is so beneficial to mankind." The part which is left has no "vertues" at all. A *palmate* root is a kind of tap-root, divided into several conical portions like the fingers of a hand. It is seen in some species of orchis. Some roots are called *bidorted*, because much twisted, or deformed, or bent back on themselves; others *beaded*, because they resemble a string of beads; and others, again, *granulated*, from consisting of a number of small round bodies, clustered together.

Let us now take a look at the relation which exists between roots and the soil in which they grow. Some kinds of plants do not grow well on the same ground, for many repeated crops. On this account, it has been thought that each plant requires a peculiar kind of nourishment, which, in time, becomes exhausted, and then that other plants should be put into that ground in their stead. This is not true in its full extent; for plants of the same kind may be made to grow in soils of very different kinds. Some have assigned the different shape of the roots as the reason why some plants succeed well after others. If a pear-tree be planted after a plum-tree, it does well; because (it is said) it strikes its roots more deeply. For similar reasons, it is said that plants with *creeping* roots, succeed well after others with *tap-roots*.

Earths are fitted for the roots of plants in several respects.—1. They are moist, and therefore do not injure the tender spongioles and fibrils. 2. They are but little soluble in water, and are not changed by the air; so that their permanency is secured. 3. They are not transparent, or they would admit too much of the sun's heat; and light (which would injure germination) is excluded. The advantage of this is seen in the hyacinth, which, after having flowered in water, with its roots exposed to the light, must be put into the ground, to recover its exhausted energies. 4.

They are of a dark colour, so as to absorb the heat of the sun, instead of reflecting it. In this way a proper degree of warmth is secured; and the attainment of this object is much facilitated by the addition of a little soot. N. R.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1838.

**CANADA NEWS.**—To any person of common sensibility and possessed of the principles of common humanity, it is deeply painful to hear of scenes of bloodshed and of death: with the views of peace and love which we entertain, to ourselves it is doubly so. With us, life is infinitely precious, whether it be the life of a rebel or a loyalist. Life—we can never forget—is the gift of a benignant Creator, a merciful boon granted for the high purposes of immortality. When loss of life is connected with sickness and other providential dispensations, we bow to the gracious decree, inasmuch as we see the all-wise author of life resuming his own gift. Not so, however, with most foul, most hideous war. Here we behold mortals usurping the place of their God, and hurrying their fellow-creatures to the bar of infinite justice. Man is sent to his final destiny by the reeking hands of his fellow man. With hate and desperation in his quivering heart—with blood on his soul, and with the instruments of death clutched in his dying grasp, he is swept away to give his account to the Judge of quick and dead. Not to mention the irreparable loss of the dead to their families, not to dwell on the case of broken hearted widows and their wretched offspring, we look now solely at the spectacle of the dead. They have gone—their hearts will no more feel the kind susceptibilities of our nature; this beautiful earth with its multiplied scenes of attraction they will never again behold; the endearing names of father, husband, brother, friend, will no more sound in their ears; their opportunities for mental, moral, and religious improvement are cut off; in a word, their day of probation is ended. Is all this nothing? Or is this a *light thing*? But the news come that 50 or 100 of the rebels of Canada are killed—a thrill goes through the multitude with its first announcement. But who weeps in secret at the thought of such an immolation? who mourns at such a sacrifice of human life? whose heart is filled with grief at the consideration that so many fellow-creatures have passed away from earth and its probation? "Oh! but they were rebels!" Aye, and were they not men, were they not immortals, were they not possessed of souls as precious in the sight of heaven as yours? But the fact that they were rebels, should add intensity to our grief at their dissolution. It is not long since that we read an official document by Sir Geo. Arthur, in which he states that he became reconciled to the thought of the execution of LOUNT and MATTHEWS, from a firm belief that they had found mercy with God! Here let us stop, and in this connexion, record that beautiful passage of Holy writ—

"Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts:

And let him return unto the Lord, for HE will have mercy upon him; And to our God for he will abundantly pardon, For my thoughts are not your thoughts, Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord, For as the heavens are higher than the earth, So are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

To return to our subject, Sir George was willing to permit the law to have its due course, because its victims were prepared to die, but can we find any mitigation of our grief in such a hope in the case of rebels? Is it not the universal belief of christians that the aggressors in warfare are murderers, "and we know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." Shall we hear of the death of 50 or 100 more murderers, without a shudder, without tears of deepest sorrow? Our own peculiar views with respect to warfare, render rebellion in our estimation a thousandfold more wicked, than can possibly be held by those who cling to the common opinion that war, in some cases, is lawful and christian. We have been led to offer these few remarks, having just risen up from a perusal of an excellent article in FRASER'S MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER last. The two or three extracts below, we wish we could imprint on the hearts of all our readers. Are they not worthy of a second and third perusal?

"If it were possible, after perusal of the most heroic exploits of warriors, the most glowing narratives of successful stratagem, to look on the actual field of contest, the bleeding limbs, the mangled frames, the distorted faces, and the writhing features of the dying and the dead, we should shrink from war as the game of demons. Could we also retire to the homes from which these warriors, full of generous enthusiasm and patriotic sympathies, marched forth to the high places of the tented field, and listen to the cry of widows severed from husbands they loved, and the wail of orphans deprived of fathers they longed and looked for in vain, we should curse the passions that provoked the conflict, and feel justly that in war there is more of the ferocity of fiends than the magnanimous virtues of the patriot, or the sensibilities of uncorrupted man. War is an epitome of the darker elements of human nature. It may have bursts of glory; but these compensate not for its more dreadful agencies. There is a brilliancy



about it, we allow; but it is the brilliancy of barbarous times, and of a race ignorant of the true nobility of our species—of hordes of savages."

"A discovery in science we should hail as worthier of plaudits than a victory over nations. The foundation of an hospital or an asylum should touch our hearts with richer ecstasy than the destruction of an enemy's capital. The name of a Howard ought to awake in the souls of men far more deep and enduring transports than the name of even a Wellington or Moore. It is not so, however. But, notwithstanding all that the page of the moralist and the pulpit of the Christian teacher have contributed on the question, there are seen by most men a glory in the battle-fields, and a grandeur in the shock of armies, which elevates a victorious general to a far higher position than a great poet, a profound philosopher, or a distinguished philanthropist. Man is so much the child of sense, that this will continue to be the case till the great regenerative era predicted in inspiration dawn upon the world."

"The temple of Apollo is a nobler spectacle to a true mind than that of Mars. The strains of the Muses are surely sweeter to the chastened ear than the clarion, or

"That drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round."

A country's greatest glory, after all, streams not from its mailed warriors, but from its Miltons, its Shakespeares, its Newtons, its Butlers. He does service to the age who successfully combats our natural admiration of war, our propensity to love the excitement of the senses more than the instruction of the mind, the luxury of the heart, and the cultivation of the highest good of the universe. An age will arrive when men shall learn war no more, but not when men shall cultivate the soul's best attributes no more. In the predicted millennium, men shall "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," according to the prophecies of inspired seers; but the abandonment of intellectual exercise and expansion, or of the soul's ministry of love and companionship with the great and good, form no feature of that era. Whatever endures for ever has an impress of dignity peculiarly its own. Waterloo may be wept over in heaven; but *Paradise Lost*, even in that pure state, may be hallowed as the production of gifted mind, and of far-reaching vision."

## LATER FROM ENGLAND.

Boston, November 12, 1838.

By the Oxford and the Rhone, we have received English and French intelligence to the 8th ultimo. There are two reports about the Liverpool steam ship *Liverpool*; one that she was to sail on the 20th, and the other that she would not be ready on that day.

A terrible fire broke out at Liverpool on the night of the 5th October, which destroyed cotton, merchandize and other property, to the value of half a million of dollars; two or three persons lost their lives in vain endeavours to save their property. The British government in consequence of Canada affairs has found it necessary to establish a line of Steam Packets to Halifax, N. S. Considerable preparations are making at Brest and Toulon in fitting out heavy ships of the line with corps of Artillerymen, destined for Mexico.

The harvest was nearly completed, and seems to have answered all reasonable expectations.

The accounts from the North of France received yesterday, state that the government has taken alarm at some purchases of wheat made in the ports of Dunkirk and Rouen, and has hastened the time for imposing a duty of about 5s per quarter on the exportation of wheat. The example of Belgium where export of wheat is prohibited, has been followed.

It has been urged upon the government from various quarters to have a day of public Thanksgiving on account of the favourable crops.

A magnificent iron Steam ship has been designed for communication between England and India. It is the first of a line of steamers, is of the capacity of 2648 tons, 600 horse power, and is to be called the *Queen of the East*.

A good deal of excitement was occasioned at Brussels by the publication of a notice in the newspaper called *La Belge*, purporting to be a telegraphic despatch, and which announced the capture of the Spanish town of Estello, by General Espartero, contrary to fact. Said publication, it is stated, had caused a loss of 100,000 francs to the Belgian merchants. The editor finally gave up the name of the author, Mr. Ries, a Belgian merchant, and the latter was soon after arrested on charge.

By the rail-way mail, via Liverpool, papers and letters are received in Dublin in 24 hours from the time of their leaving the British capital.

Samuel Green, a clerk in the banking house of the Rothschilds, in London, absconded on the 1st of October, taking with him nearly \$15,000. He had not been arrested.

Numerous arrests had been made in Paris, of parties who were supposed to be engaged in treasonable plots.

In Spain, the general aspect of matters is unfavourable to the Queen.

It is rumoured in London and Paris, that negotiations had been opened between Don Carlos and Lord John Hay, the commander of the British Naval forces on the coast of Spain, for a termination of the war.

Accounts had been received of new successes gained by the Circassians over the Russian forces. The Russian Government was also making great efforts to carry on the war with increased vigour.

## NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12.

It has been ascertained that no injury has been done to Mr. E. Bruce, Mr. Brown, Mr. Norval, or Mr. Ross, since they have been in the hands of the enemy, although it is rumoured that Mr. E. has been removed to Napierville, the very heart of the rebel strength, and Mr. B. to St. Timothe.

From the Herald of the 8th, Thursday.

Mr. John McDonnell, on whose person were found some papers addressed to him as major-general of the patriot army, and in whose possession a coloured flag was also found, was brought up to town yesterday in the steamer *Canada*, which had also Sir James McDonnell and the regiment of Guards from Three Rivers. As soon as it was known that the rebel of the same name was on board, there was a great sensation in the city, and immense numbers thronged the wharves.

When he landed, handed over to another traitor, and under a guard of Soldiers, the crowd groaned, shouted and yelled, and while on his way to the old jail, along the beach so far as the new market, he was pelted with stones and mud, was spat upon on the face, and insulted in every possible way. It was with extraordinary difficulty that the more highly excited portion of the crowd was restrained from laying violent hands on him, and securing his punishment on the spot, and the feeling that he would certainly be tried summarily by martial law, and immediately thereafter hanged, alone saved him from the infuriated populace.

The rebels on the river Richelieu have risen in arms but we do not hear that they have committed any outrages on the loyalists, who, however, are in constant dread. Many have made their escape to this city, leaving every thing exposed to their enemies.

We have been informed, on the most undoubted authority, that the brave Glengarry Highlanders, under Colonels McDonald and Fraser, have commenced a march on Beauharnois and Chateauguay bridge, for the purpose of rescuing their unfortunate fellow-countrymen who have fallen into the hands of the rebels. Col. Fraser's regiment, being nearest the point of attack, will likely reach it sooner than Colonel McDonald's, but both are animated with the same determined spirit, and terrible will be the retribution. The men are determined on revenge, and it is well known what stuff Highlanders are composed of, when their blood is up.

The Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Williamstown, accompanies Colonel Fraser's regiment, with his musket and bayonet, to inspire his fellow-countrymen, as the Abbot of Inchaffery did at the battle of Bannocburn. Dr. McIntyre, a prisoner on board the steamer *Brougham*, is nephew to Colonel Fraser. We wait with anxiety, but with confidence, to learn the result.

*Suspension of Specie Payments by the Banks of Montreal.*—In consequence of the unsettled state of things in Lower Canada, there has been a heavy run for specie upon the banks of Montreal, which has issued in the suspension of specie payments again.

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**—The Legislature is called to meet for despatch of business on the 15th of January.

A man was arrested in St. John for robberies committed in Westmoreland,—he is supposed to be Ormond, accused of the murder of R. McIsaac, at Sydney, C. B.

The Messrs. Whitney and Co. have imported two engines of 75 horse power each, and have ordered a new boat for their reception, to be called the *North American*. The boat is to be well built in every respect,—and it seems to be intended to run from St. John to Portland or Boston. The enterprise of the proprietors is worthy of commendation, and will we trust get more substantial reward.

His Excellency Sir John Harvey has caused the issue of a Militia General Order, inviting the younger and less encumbered of the Militia of New Brunswick to come forward and enrol themselves in a Volunteer Corps, which will be required during the absence of the troops in Canada.—*Novascotian*.

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—In consequence of the indisposition of the announced lecturer, Joseph Howe, Esq., at a very short notice, gave an interesting address at the last meeting of the Institute. The time was occupied chiefly in a brief detail of the nature and uses of the various objects of science and art, contained in the Royal Adelaide Gallery, London. The mechanical inventions of most utility, in the estimation of the lecturer, for Nova Scotia, were the subjects of more particular notice. The vast importance to the mechanic of the noble collection of models of every description to be found in the Adelaide Gallery, was dwelt upon at large, and we think, with great profit to the meeting. The kindness manifested by Mr. Howe in answering so sudden a

call to lecture, cannot but command the gratitude of the Institute. We were pleased to hear it announced, that the Museum would be opened for inspection at the next meeting. Lecture on that occasion—Education, on Phrenological principles, by Mr. Donald.

The first chapter of an original tale will be found in this number. We beg to call the attention of our readers to it.

**CANDIDUS** was in type last week, but the late news from Canada obliged us to omit it. Under present circumstances its insertion is respectfully declined.

The Legislature is to meet for the despatch of business on the 10th January 1839.

Information we believe is in town, that her Majesty's steamer *Medea*, appointed to convey the troops to Canada, is on shore near Shediac, and likely to remain in her present position during the winter.

The **NOVA SCOTIA BAPTIST EDUCATION SOCIETY** have determined to establish a COLLEGE AT HORTON in addition to their academy. No restriction of a denominational character is to be placed upon the appointment of Professors or Officers, or on the matriculation or graduation of students. Messrs. Crawley and Pryor are requested to accept the situation of Professors in the College. We wish the praiseworthy efforts of the gentlemen of the Society may be crowned with the success which their enterprising spirit so justly merits.

Martial Law was proclaimed in the district of Montreal, on November 4.

Friday, 4 o'clock, P. M. We have not yet received the Canada mail due on Tuesday last, and are unable to give later news.

## MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Crawley, Mr. William Smith, to Miss Maria Kelly.

## DIED.

At Mc Nab, Bras D'Or Lake, on Friday the 2nd inst., in the 76th year of his age, Charles McNab, Esquire, after a long and severe illness which he bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation.

## SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

## ARRIVED.

Saturday November 17th.—Schrs. Brothers, O'Brien, Pictou, 6 days—coals; Olive Branch, and Abigail, Argyle—dry fish.

Sunday 18th.—Schrs. Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B. via Yarmouth, 7 days—fish and oil, to the Master and others; Emily, Crowell, St. Stephens, 7 days—lumber, to S. Binney; Concord, Crowell, do do to do; Margaret, Walker, P. E. Island, 11 days—produce; Jane & Fanny, Argyle—dry fish; Caroline, Digby, herrings and potatoes; Good Will, Annapolis, Produce; Sarah Ann, Margaret's Bay, fish; Victoria, Ragged Isles—dry fish; brig Susan Crane, Coffin, Demerara, via Barrington, 37 days—ballast to J. Fairbanks.

Monday 19th.—Am. packet brig *Acadian*, Jones, Boston, 4 days—general cargo, to Deblois & Merkel, Wier & Woodworth, and others; schrs Calypso, Argyle—dry fish; Union, Cape Negro—dry fish; Brothers, Bridgeport—coal.

Tuesday 20th.—Schrs. Mary, Cann, Sydney, 20 days—coals; William & James, Guysborough—beef, butter and dry fish,—reports a schooner without a topsail from St. John's, N. F. laden with dry fish, ashore near Torbay, vessel and cargo lost, crew saved.

Wednesday 21st.—Schrs. Hugh Denoon, Brookman, Sydney, 17 days—coals; *Acadian*, do do and dry fish; Esperance, do. do; Four Sisters, Wooden, Pictou, 5 days, coals; Margaret, St. Mary's, lumber; Trial, Manadiou, coals, etc; Elizabeth, Bridgeport, coals, etc; Lapping, Ragged Isles, dry fish; Lucy, O'Brien, Pictou, 7 days, freestone; True Brothers, Slocumb, Liverpool, N. S. 3 days, fish; New Commerce, Fauny, and Margaret, Bridgeport, coal.

Thursday 22nd.—Brigs. John, Courad, (late Hodgson, who died at sea, 31st ultimo,) Berbice—molasses; Heron, Smith, Porto Rico, 19 days—sugar for Frith, Smith & Co.; brig Pilot, Roberts, St. Thomas, 17 days—ballast, to ditto; schr Isabella, Martin, Oderin—dry fish, to W. B. Hamilton.

Friday, 23rd—brig. William, Bondroit, Quebec, via Arichat, 17 days, cordage, dry fish and mackerel, to S. Binney and master.

## CLEARED.

November 17th.—brig *Ambassador*, Clark, Demerara—fish, lumber, etc. by D. E. Starr & Co; schrs Mary Ann Starr, Bohaker, St. John, N.B.—general cargo, by W. M. Allan, and others; Cornelia, Fountain, do—potatoes, by A. C. Trentousky; Sovereign, Wood, P. E. Island; Happy Return, Clark, and Brothers, Canback, do; Agnes, Harbour, Gaspe; Marie de Tramdie, Terrio, Magdalen Isles—general cargo, by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Adelaide, Harvey, Eastport—coals, by master. 19th—schr. Morning Star, Walker, New York—coals, etc. by J. H. Braine, and others. 20th—Mary Jane, Gilchrist, P. E. I.; packet schr Industry, Simpson, Boston, salmon, etc. by W. J. Loug, and H. Fay and others—15 passengers. 21st—Caroline, Crouse, St. John, N. B. potatoes, etc. by master; brig Eliza, Hally, St. John, N. F. lumber and molasses, by J. & T. Williamson, and others; Margaret, Doane, Annapolis Bay, fish, etc. J. Allison & Co. and J. W. Young.

Returned 22nd, schr Cornelia, bound to St John, N. B.



## CHAPTER OF PIC NICS.

**Affection and Fidelity.**—“A fire was burning near the water, and at it sat a black child of about seven or eight years old, quite blind. All the others had fled save one poor little girl still younger; who, notwithstanding the appearance of such strange beings as we must have seemed to her, and the terror of those who fled, had nevertheless lingered about the bushes, and at length took her seat behind the blind boy. A large supply of the balyan root lay beside them, and a dog, so lean as scarcely to be able to stand, drew his feeble body close up beside the two children, as if desirous to defend them. They formed indeed a miserable group; exhibiting, nevertheless, instances of affection and fidelity creditable both to the human and canine species.”

**Australian Hardihood.**—“At this camp, where we lay shivering for want of fire, the different habits of the aborigines and us strangers from the North were strongly contrasted. On that freezing night, the natives stripped off all their clothes, (their usual custom,) previous to lying down to sleep in the open air; their bodies being doubled round a few burning reeds. We could not understand how they bore the cold thus naked, when the earth was white with hoar frost; and they were equally at a loss to know how we could sleep in our tents without having a bit of fire beside us to keep our bodies warm. For the support of animal heat, fire and smoke are almost as necessary to them as clothes are to us; and the naked savage is not without some reason on his side, for with fire to warm his body he has all the comfort he ever knows; whereas we require both fire and clothing, and can therefore have no conception of the intensity of enjoyment imparted to the naked body of a savage by the glowing embrace of a cloud of smoke in winter, or in summer the luxury of a bath which he may enjoy in any pool, when not content with the refreshing breeze that fans his sensitive body during the intense heat. Amidst all this exposure, the skin of the Australian native remains as soft and smooth as velvet; and it is not improbable that the obstructions of drapery would constitute the greatest of his objections in such a climate to the permanent adoption of a civilized life.”

**A Fortunate Escape.**—In 1751, the following affair happened at Bedlam. Several patients, who were suffered to walk about the house, being in the kitchen one morning when the doctor was there, complained to him of the badness of their broth; and said that they were determined not to suffer it any longer, for, as the cook was absent, they would rectify it themselves; and immediately seized him, and were going to put him into the boiling copper. The doctor told them, with great presence of mind, that his clothes would spoil the broth, and desired leave to strip; which was granted, and he was accordingly reduced to his breeches and shirt, when some person knocked at the door, which the madmen had fastened. The doctor called out, that no one could be admitted, as he was undressing to get into the copper to be made broth of. The person outside immediately comprehended the doctor's situation, and roared out—fire, fire; at which the patients were so terrified that they opened the door, and ran up stairs, by which means the doctor escaped.

**Premiums have been awarded by various learned Ladies to the following:**

To Henry Broom, for the application of the crab motion, and the “do-as-little-as-possible” principle, to the state engine. To Lord Durham, in conjunction with the above, for an improved mode of progression for the said engine, namely, by each pulling the opposite way. To Signor Paganini, for an improved mode of extracting gold from catgut scrapings, and of skinning flints. To Miss Harriet Martineau, for a new preventive check-string for the regulation of the fare (*fair*). To the proprietor of Morison's Pills for the discovery of the perpetual motion. To the Society for the Confusion of useful Knowledge, for their successful endeavours in be-Knight-ing the public intellect.

**Advertisements Extraordinary.**—British Humbug College of Health.—The wonderful efficacy of the MORISING PILLS becomes every day more perspicuous. The discerning Public swallows 'em like winking; and we defy all opposition, and the Weekly attempts of our enemies, to Dispatch us. We tell those as calls us quacks, that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, we glorify in our ignorance; and takes every opportunity of exposing it, for the benefit of our suffering fellow-creatures. And we have found them a sovereign remedy for ourselves; having, for a long while, been afflicted with an emptiness of the chest, and a great deficiency of the yellow stuff, all which terrible symptoms have speedily disappeared; so we feel in duty bound to propagate our pills to the remotest prosperity.

Here is a most sensible letter, to prove the never-to-be-enough-wondered-at wonderful efficacy of the Hy-gee-wo-ian Medicines.

**Most Respected Sir,**—Having been appointed your agent, and, therefore, influenced, like yourself, by the most disinterested motives, I make it a point to recommend them on all occasions, and always in sufficiently large doses, on which I observe you lay peculiar stress; and very justly; for does it not follow, as a matter of course, that if six pills do a certain quantity of good, six thousand must, as a natural consequence, do six thousand times as much more good, and the patient must be six thousand times

the better for them? There are some censorious folks who insinuate, that the more pills I sell, the more money I get by them; but I need not assure you, that, in this respect, my motives are quite as disinterested as your own. Yours, ever to command.

FRANCIS FLEECE'EM.

**P. S.**—Please to send me a dozen wagon loads of No. 1 Pills, and the same of No. 2 Pills, as early as possible.

**Pious Names.**—The Puritans, in the period of the Commonwealth, dropped their Christian names, such as Edward, William, John, etc., and adopted words of holier import. The following is the list of a Sussex jury; and their descendants are still living in the country:—

*Approved*—Fiewen of Northiam.  
*Be-thankful*—Maynard of Brightling.  
*Be-courteous*—Cole of Pevensy.  
*Safely-on-high*—Snat of Uckfield.  
*Search-the-Scripture*—Moreton of Salehurst.  
*More-fruit*—Fowler of Heathleye.  
*Free-gift*—Mubbs of Chiddingly.  
*Increase*—Weeks of Cuckfield.  
*Restore*—Weeks of ditto.  
*Kill-sin*—Pemble of Westham.  
*Elected*—Mitchell of Heathfield.  
*Faint-not*—Hurst of ditto.  
*Renewed*—Wisbery of Hailsham.  
*Return*—Mulward of Hellingly.  
*Fly-debate*—Smart of Waldrom.  
*Fly-fornication*—Richardson of ditto.  
*Seek-wisdom*—Wood of ditto.  
*Much-mercy*—Cryer of ditto.  
*Fight-the-good-fight-of-Faith*—White of Ewhurst.  
*Small-hope*—Biggs of Rye.  
*Earth*—Adams of Warbleton.  
*Repentance*—Avis of Shoreham.

**Stammering and its Cure.**—The whole art consists in the following rules:—The stammerer is to press the tip of his tongue, as hard as he can, against the upper row of teeth; is to draw a deep breath every six minutes, and is to keep perfect silence for three days, during which this pressing of the tongue and the deep inspirations are to be continued without intermission. During the night small rolls of linen are placed under the tongue in order to give it the required direction even during sleep. When the three days have expired, the patient is to read aloud slowly to his physician for an hour. During this exercise, care is to be taken that the stammerer is never in want of breath, and he must therefore, be made to stop frequently, and inspire deeply. The patient is to be admonished to keep the tip of the tongue floating when he speaks, and never to allow it to sink into the anterior cavity of the lower jaw.—*Athenæum*.

**Fashions.**—In part of Tartary the widows of rank are distinguished by wearing a full blown ox bladder slung round their necks. The Ischutki beaux think that their dress is complete when they have a tail of the feathers of birds, the wings, or the tail of some animal. In the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, Queen Isabel, of Bavaria, young and beautiful, displayed a luxury unknown to former times; no queen had ever before appeared so richly dressed. She first introduced the fashion of naked shoulders and neck, heart-shaped bonnets were then in vogue; the two uppermost extremities of this heart were gradually lengthened, till, at last, they formed a kind of horns. Juvenal des Ursins says, on this subject, “the women ran into great excesses in dress, and wore horns of wonderful length and size, having, on either side, ears of such monstrous dimensions that it was impossible for them to pass through a door with them on. About this time the Carmelite, Cenare, a celebrated preacher, exercised his talents against these horns. The size of the horns continued increasing, and, to accommodate the fair wearers, the door-ways were widened and heightened.

**Intemperance.**—The Ninth Anniversary of the New York State Temperance Society, was held at the Second Dutch Reformed Church, in Albany, Feb. 8, 1838. One hundred and fifty-six delegates attended from twenty-eight counties, all but one of whom were total abstinent. The President, Chancellor Walworth, presided. The report says—“There are fifty-six counties, in fifteen of which every clergyman is a total abstinent. In five counties all are but six in each; in six, all but five in each; in two, all but four in each; and in two others, all but three in each; in five, all but two in each; and in one, all but one. Of the whole twenty-two hundred and sixty-one clergymen in the state of New-York, nineteen hundred and fifty-two are total abstinent, being more than eight-ninths of the whole. There have been reclaimed within our bounds full 3,500 drunkards, of whom about 1,600 have made a profession of religion. In 1837, the board of excise in 121 towns have not granted license to sell intoxicating drink. We have 1,178 societies on the comprehensive pledge—132,161 members—84,403 of whom were added the last year.

**Extraordinary Circumstance.**—The chaplain in Lady Ware's family had dreamed that on such a day he should die; but being by all the family laughed out of the belief of it, he had almost forgotten it, till the evening before at supper. There being thirteen at table, according to an old conceit, that one of the family must soon die, one of the young ladies pointed to him, that he

was the person. Upon this he recollected his dream, and became disconcerted, and Lady Ware reproving him for his superstition, he said he was assured that he was to die before morning; but being perfectly well, he was not attended to. It was Saturday night, and he was to preach next day. He retired to his room, and sat up late, as it appeared by the burning of his candle; he had been preparing notes for his sermon, but was found dead in his bed the next morning.

**Witchcraft.**—In the year 1663, an old dame, named Julian Cox, was convicted of witchcraft, chiefly on the evidence of a huntsman, who declared on his oath that he laid his greyhounds on a hare, and coming up to the spot where he saw them maul her, there he found on the other side of the bush Julian Cox, lying panting and breathless, in such a manner as to convince him that she had been the creature which afforded him the course. The unhappy woman was accordingly executed.

**War.**—In 1784 an ancient tobacco-pipe was found sticking between the teeth of a human skull, at Brannockstown, county of Kildare; and on digging in an elevated field, near the banks of the river Liffey, the labourers found an entrenchment filled with human bones; under the bones lay a number of stone coffins, formed of flag stones, without cement; in each coffin was a skeleton. A battle was fought here between the Irish and Danes in the tenth century.

**The Right of Precedence.**—The wives of the two presidents of the court of justice and revenue at Cleves, were continually disputing about their respective ranks; and the lady of the president of the court of justice insisted that, in all public places, she was entitled to a rank superior to the other. This provoked her rival so much that she wrote to the king, Frederick the Great, and prayed that he would be graciously pleased to decide which of the two ladies had a right to go first. The king wrote back to her the following answer.

“The greatest fool goes first.”

“FREDERICK.”

Was this decision remembered it would prevent many angry disputes on the same subject, which seems a never ending source of heart-burnings, etc.

**Movable Melon Beds.**—In the valley of Cashmeer there are movable beds of melons, which, in some degree, may be considered in the light of islands. The ingenious people of that valley spread a thick mat on the surface of their lake, and sprinkle it over with soil: it soon acquires a consistency, from the grass growing upon it. On the following year they sow melons and cucumbers, and reap the harvest from a boat; and thus turn to account the very surface of the lake in their rich country.

**Bonaparte.**—The following brief epitome of his victories and reverses, all that our space will permit us to give, will afford a tolerably correct idea of his extraordinary career through life:—He gained 41 victories; captured 6 strong towns that stood sieges; entered 12 capitals; subjugated the Continent of Europe; created 9 new sovereigns; made 3 retreats; raised 1 siege; suffered 28 defeats; married two wives, both alive at the same time; in 1814, abdicated the throne of France, and became emperor of Eiba; in 1815, returned from Eiba; entered Paris after a triumphal progress; held the *Champ-de-Mai*; advanced to the Netherlands; captured Charleroi; obtained a victory at Ligny; was defeated at Quatre Bras and Waterloo; returned to Paris; abdicated the government; repaired to Rochfort; surrendered to an English man-of-war; arrived in a British port; and was transported to St. Helena, where he died in 1821.

**Summer and Winter.**—Those who are observers of the season say that the last three days of the moon between April and May are infallible presages what summer will be: to know how the winter will turn out, observe the twenty-fourth day of November, and according to it the winter will prove; also observe whether the pigs grub the earth with their heads turned to the north, which foretels a hard and long winter.

## THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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